

GAYLORD BROS.  
MAKERS  
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LYRICS  
OF  
THE BRIDE-ELECT

Comic Opera in Three Acts.

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BOOK AND MUSIC  
BY  
JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

---

PUBLISHED BY  
THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY,  
CINCINNATI. NEW YORK. CHICAGO. LEIPSIC.

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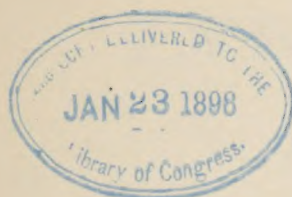
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# THE BRIDE-ELECT.

Comic Opera in Three Acts.

Book and Music by JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

First Performed December 28th, 1897.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

PAPAGALLO, King of Timberio . . . . .	<i>Mr. Albert Hart.</i>
GUIDO, Duke of Ventroso . . . . .	<i>Mr. Frank Pollock.</i>
FRESCOBALDI, Prime Minister of Timberio . . . .	<i>Mr. Edward P. Wilks.</i>
GAMBO . . . . .	<i>Mr. Melville Stewart.</i>
BUSCATO . . . . .	<i>Mr. Harry Luckstone.</i>
PIETRO . . . . .	<i>Mr. E. G. Schaffer.</i>
SARDINIA . . . . .	<i>Mr. Wesley Johnstone.</i>
BIANCA, Queen of Capri . . . . .	<i>Miss Lillian Carlsmith.</i>
MINUTEZZA, Princess of Capri . . . . .	<i>Miss Christie MacDonald.</i>
LA PASTORELLA . . . . .	<i>Miss Nella Bergen.</i>
MARGHERITA . . . . .	<i>Miss Alice Campbell.</i>
REA . . . . .	<i>Miss Bertha A. Davis.</i>
ZADENA . . . . .	<i>Miss Nana Fairhurst.</i>
ROSAMONDA . . . . .	<i>Miss Emma Lackey.</i>

LOCALE: THE ISLAND OF CAPRI.

Produced under the management of

KLAW & ERLANGER AND B. D. STEVENS.

Stage Director, BEN TEAL.      Musical Director, JOHN MCGHIE.  
Ballet Master, CARL MARWIG.

Scenery painted by ERNEST GROS.

Costumes designed by F. RICHARD ANDERSON.

ML 50  
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1897

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# THE BRIDE-ELECT.

## ACT I.

SCENE: A STREET IN CAPRI.

NO. I.

### CHORUS AND SCENE.

If ninety-nine per-cent of the papers print is so,  
(And many editors regard the figure low,)  
Then we have ample reason to expect today,  
King Papagallo, who is coming, so they say,  
To claim the Princess Minutezza's hand;  
But why he should, we cannot understand,  
    He's much too old for her,  
    In this we all concur,  
Her heart he never can command.  
    The papers say  
His coming is quite unexpected  
    And trust he may  
By Minutezza be rejected.  
If Papagallo's very wise,  
He'll woo the mother, not the maid,  
As wife the Queen might prove a prize,  
As Ma-in-law an awful jade.  
When polity and state affairs are paramount,  
"Vox Populi" and "Constant Reader" do not count;  
Therefore we will not send a protest to the press,  
But wish the couple several kinds of happiness;  
And should they ask us all to come and dine,  
We do not feel that we could well decline;  
    For gastronomic bliss  
    Has never been amiss,  
When coupled with a little wine.

### BIANCA.

The morning news we see you're reading,  
And no doubt note with humbled mien,  
That Papagallo's this way speeding,  
    To claim our daughter for his queen.

### CHORUS.

The inside facts we'd like to know;  
Why must she wed our hated foe?

### BIANCA.

The facts are painful to our pride,  
A Peace Commission named the bride.

One day King Papagallo sent a note,

O, sorrow!

CHORUS.

BIANCA.

Insisting that our King had shot his goat.

CHORUS.

O, sorrow!

BIANCA.

We wrote a letter full of sad regrets,  
But his reply was couched in awful threats.

So we said we'd go to war,

With all its glory and its gore,

And settle thus our differences and debts.

With clanking sword and glist'ning gun,

He marched in exultation,

Free from fear and trepidation,

And his men's vociferation,

Was too much for contemplation—

We were forced to run.

We met the enemy and we were theirs,

CHORUS.

O, sorrow!

BIANCA.

A Peace Commission sat on our affairs.

CHORUS.

O, sorrow!

BIANCA.

"To save our royal lands," the treaty said,

"That Minutezza,"—(thus the edict read),—

"Before she reached eighteen,

Must prepare to be a Queen,—

Timberio's monarch she must wed."

With clanking sword and glist'ning gun,

He'll come in exultation,

Free from fear and trepidation,

And his men's vociferation,

Will be food for contemplation,

For every one.

GAMBO.

Oho! Ohe!

CHORUS.

The Peddler!

GAMBO.

Now if you would like to be constantly clean,

To banish despair and reinstate hope,

Each one may attain this condition serene,

By buying this most miraculous soap.

You surely will buy  
A sample to try,  
'Twill wash out your dresses,  
And soften your tresses.  
A most enticing chance I see,  
On which the soap to test ;  
My friend, pray lend your coat to me,  
It should be cleaned and pressed.

BUSCATO.

What ! lend this coat,  
On which I dote,  
My ancestor's bequest?  
No ! No !  
You modern men may wear Prince Albert coats,  
Or cutaways of queer designs,  
But one who day and night to art devotes,  
This most contemptuous garb declines.  
We miss the dress of days that are no more :  
The fashions of these times are vile,  
No gentleman a spike-tailed garment wore  
When this old coat was in the style.  
Its shoulders show the marks of powdered hair,  
Its sleeves the touch of Beauty's hand ;  
It has that most aristocratic air,  
Of stately grace and manner grand ;  
It cannot hope to hold its regal sway  
Or wond'ring gazers to beguile,  
So let us dream of that Utopian day,  
When this old coat was in the style.

GAMBO.

But your ancestor did not bequeath you the dirt,  
So to give it to me is your duty,  
And I will restore it without any hurt,  
To all its original beauty.

BUSCATO.

As you are so uncommonly urgent,  
On my coat you may try your detergent.  
Be careful, I pray.

GAMBO.

Your wish I'll obey.

CHORUS.

Woe to the peddler,  
Should he prove a meddler.



GAMBO.

Good people, take note,  
I now take this coat,  
And apply to it, thus, a solution of soap;  
In a minute or two,  
'Twill come out like new,  
And challenge a test of the microscope.

BUSCATO.

Tho' tattered and torn,  
'Twas formerly worn  
By an uncle who tearfully gave it to me;  
He ranked as a duke,  
And wore a peruke,  
And printed a book on the coat's pedigree.

CHORUS.

Come, scrub it, and rub it, and drub it with care,  
Restore the dear coat to its youth again;  
Wet it, and fret it, and let it get dry,  
Then happier thoughts in his heart will reign.

GAMBO.

Attention all, the miracle behold!

BUSCATO.

A most mysterious surprise.

CHORUS.

See how the coat is shrunk in size.

BUSCATO.

Base trickster, villian, robber bold!

CHORUS.

O, waterproof and storm-worn mackintosh,  
You may elect to sneer and smile,  
But garments were not guaranteed to wash,  
When this old coat was in the style.

BUSCATO.

Villian, prepare to fight without delay,  
For this indignity your life must pay!

GAMBO.

Very well, name your weapons.

BUSCATO.

Swords!

GAMBO.

Agreed!  
Ah, here are two;  
You're friends in need.  
Come cavalier,  
Trembling with fear.

BUSCATO.

Your punishment shall be severe.

GAMBO.

Use all your skill,  
I mean to kill.

BUSCATO.

Trickster, villian, swindler, cheat!

GAMBO.

Coward, boaster, braggart, beat!

BUSCATO.

I'll accept no compromise.

GAMBO.

No, we'll fight until one dies.

BOTH.

On guard!

CHORUS.

At first we thought this thing was magic,  
Simply done to show his skill,  
But it seems it's getting tragic,  
Each the other means to kill.

GAMBO.

A hundred ducats I win the day.

BUSCATO.

My friends, he bluffs; take up his wager, pray.

CHORUS.

As he appears the better man,  
We'll wager on him all we can.

GAMBO.

A hundred; another; again, once more,  
Come, coatless knight,  
On to the fight.

BUSCATO.

Quickly I'll this wrong requite.

GAMBO.

Boast while you may,  
I'll win the day.

BUSCATO.

Trickster, villian, swindler, cheat!

GAMBO.

Coward, boaster, braggart, beat!

BUSCATO.

I'll accept no compromise.

GAMBO.

No, we'll fight until one dies.

BOTH.

On guard!

CHORUS.

At first we thought this thing was magic,  
Simply done to show his skill.  
But it seems it's getting tragic,  
Each the other means to kill.

BUSCATO.

A hit! A palpable hit!  
That I am worsted I must admit.

CHORUS.

We thought he'd surely win the bout,  
But that he's whipped there seems no doubt.

GAMBO.

I offer my sincere regrets,  
But as I've won I'll take the bets.

WOMEN.

'Tis our belief you've all been sold;  
They worked their schemes to get your gold.

MEN.

What would you have us do, say pray?

WOMEN.

As they are cheats make them repay.

MEN.

Come on!  
Vengeance to wreak.  
We'll not be meek.  
Quickly we the rogues will seek.  
Robbed by the scamp.  
Fooled by the tramp;



Tricksters, villians, swindlers, cheats;  
Cowards, boasters, braggarts, beats.  
Oh, with rage we suffocate,  
Sharpers we abominate.  
They have duped us by their magic,  
Idiotic we have been;  
When we catch them 'twill be tragic,  
Retribution will begin.

MINUTEZZA.

One moment, pray,  
King Papagallo comes to-day  
To claim my hand;  
He sends a note,  
From which I'll quote,  
To show you his demand;  
"Princess Minutezza, Beauty's queen."

CHORUS.

O, sorrow!

MINUTEZZA.

"As you will very shortly be eighteen."

CHORUS.

O, sorrow!

MINUTEZZA.

"I send this to remind you, you are mine.  
And trust, my heart and hand you won't decline;  
For when I take a notion,  
My love and my devotion  
Is of the class that's rated superfine.  
With clanking sword and glist'ning gun,  
I'll come in exultation,  
Free from fear and trepidation,  
And my men's vociferation  
Will be food for contemplation,  
For every one."

No. 2.

CHORUS AND SONG.

Our customary attitude,  
To strangers in this latitude,  
Is to ignore all platitude,  
And make them feel at home.  
Papagallo! Swell out each voice, and likewise cheer;  
Papagallo, King of Timberio, is here.

PAPAGALLO.

Kind friends, this deference  
Is ample evidence,  
That I have made a hit;

CHORUS.

Not a bit.

PAPAGALLO.

Then, consequently, we  
Will sink formality,  
And all its laws omit.

CHORUS.

Not a whit.

PAPAGALLO.

So in language that's without restriction,  
With freedom from joking and mirth,  
Ignoring all flowery diction,  
Let's damn all the donkeys on earth.  
On this maxim I wish to insist,  
And I'm sanguine my views won't be hissed,  
That a man is a monkey,  
To ride on a donkey,  
When walking is on the free list.

Let me interrogate,  
Is this my mate  
Your answer please essay:

CHORUS.

Say your say.

PAPAGALLO.

"Why does this beast se late,  
While scratching of his pate,  
His leg bring in play?"

CHORUS.

"That's his way."

PAPAGALLO.

While crossing a bridge on the summit,  
He ate up a foot of his girth,  
Then he broke down I went like a plummet,  
So let's damn all the donkeys on earth.  
On this maxim I wish to insist,  
And I'm sanguine my views won't be hissed,  
That a man is a monkey,  
To ride on a donkey,  
When walking is on the free list.

N. 3.

DUET.

MINUTEZZA.

Should you marry Ma, instead of me,  
Your wedded life will happy be.  
She's a wonderful wondrous skill,  
Makes you hungry to be ill.

FINIS

When pains rheumatic rack your frame,  
And gouty symptoms make you lame,  
Mama will treat you to her store,  
Of patent medicines galore.

PAPAGALLO.

I'm not an invalid, dear maid,  
And do not need a nurse's aid;  
I never suffer with the gout,  
Am always able to be out.  
In a polka step the girls declare,  
I'm graceful, grand and debonair;  
When I dance the saraband,  
Untold rapture I command  
And dancing masters often say,  
I'm supple as a coryphee;  
But when I fill all hearts with bliss.  
'Tis when I give a kick like this:

MINUTEZZA.

I still maintain,  
I'm not the one to be your future wife.  
I'll flirt wherever I may be,  
And cause you untold misery;  
And my disdain,  
Will make you wish to end your blighted life,  
For I will snub you every day,  
And not one wish of yours obey.

PAPAGALLO.

You state your side in manner strong,  
Tho' most illogical and wrong;  
When you become my blushing bride,  
On all these subjects I'll decide.

No. 4.

SONG.

LA PASTORELLA.

Before the Moor was master of the hills of old Iberia,  
Before the Moslem standard floated over ancient Syria,  
Our family resolved to scorn all kinds of labor,  
And to subsist entirely on the product of our neighbor.  
Our grand achievements in speculative science  
Fill my robber-soul with wildest joy;  
Our deeds of daring coupled with defiance  
Are just the kind of deeds brave hearts employ.  
Who robs the midnight traveller on the lonely road?  
Who robs the millionaire within his strong abode?  
La Pastorella! A woman!  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, a little bird sings with glee:  
"When winds blow North, East, South or West,  
Fail not to feather well your nest."



Cuckoo, cuckoo, oh, little bird in the tree,  
Your pungent precept is the one for me.

We stand together whatever dangers try us,  
Heart to heart, and hand to hand say we,  
Although society labors to decry us,  
We do not criticize society.

Who acts the injured maiden with consummate art,  
And gets a golden solace for a battered heart?

La Pastorella! A woman!

Cuckoo, cuckoo, a little bird sings with glee:  
"When winds blow North, East, South or West,  
Fail not to feather well your nest."  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, oh, little bird in the tree,  
Your pungent precept is the one for me.

No. 5. (TRIO: La Pastorella, Gambo and Buscato.)

PASTORELLA.

To marry or not to marry?  
That is the interrogation.  
Whether a husband will be to me,  
A joy or complication.

GAMBO.

I offer heart and hand to you,  
I'll constant be and ever true,  
If you will say you'll marry.

PASTORELLA.

The Fates the problem shall decide,  
If I'm to be a happy bride,  
Or as a widow tarry.

GAMBO.

You remember 'twas six months ago,  
When your young heart was laden with woe,  
The day that our Cap,  
By a legal mishap,  
Went to dwell where they never have snow;  
You told me 'twixt sob and 'twixt tear,  
'Twas awkward for me to appear  
As a lover, just yet,  
But not to forget,  
To call in the spring of the year.

BUSCATO

Why not marry to-morrow?  
You love him and he loves you;  
Banish your widowy sorrow,  
And one become instead of two.

PASTORELLA.

Society says to the man,  
When you "pop" you should follow this plan,

Go speak to her Pa,  
And also her Ma,  
And "toot" your own horn if you can.  
This method I cannot pursue,  
I'm an orphan and lone widow too,  
I haven't a Pa,  
And neither a Ma,  
So what is the best to do?

No. 6. (Octette:) *Minuetta, Pastorella, Gambo, Buscato, Margherita, Rea, Zadena and Rosamonda.*

GAMBO.

In a matter of such great import,  
Strategic schemes are needed,  
So consequently I exhort,  
That what she says be heeded.

PASTORELLA.

We'll seek him when the twilight dies,  
With song and dance we'll catch him,  
And then, no doubt to his surprise,  
Remorselessly we'll snatch him.

GAMBO.

He'll shiver,

BUSCATO.

And quiver,

ALL.

And quail.

GAMBO.

Our scowling,

BUSCATO.

And growling,

ALL.

Bewail.

GAMBO.

We'll awe him,

BUSCATO.

And jaw him,

ALL.

Till he

GAMBO.

Resigns you,

BUSCATO.

Declines you.

ALL.

You see.

When night comes we will bag him,  
If he murmur we will gag him;

Having discreet penetration,  
He'll accept the situation.

No. 7.

FINALE, 1st.

PAPAGALLO.

Oh, stars that form the milky way,  
If you to earth should ever stray,  
Take my advice, and heed it pray,  
Don't stop at that hotel.

Bed's bad,  
Bread's bad,  
Lamb's bad,  
Jam's bad,  
Pie's bad,  
Flies bad,

And ten per day!

Oh, beauteous moon with silver sheen,  
Your life seems happy and serene;  
If you should come upon this scene,  
Don't stop at that hotel.

Roast's bad,  
Toast's bad,  
Quail's bad,  
Ale's bad,  
Ham's bad,  
Clam's bad,  
And ten per day!

PASTORELLA.

Let poets sing of stars that gem the sky,

CHORUS.

We much prefer the sable curtain of the night.

MINUTEZZA.

Let lovesick swains fair Luna glorify,

CHORUS.

Her absence fills our happy hearts with sweet delight.

PASTORELLA.

The phosphorescent spark  
May catch the maiden's eye;  
But the dimness of the dark  
Is what we're swearing by.

GAMBO.

Pillage and booty,  
Is pleasure and duty.

PASTORELLA.

To this we gladly testify.



15

ALL.

O, man most wise,  
You may devise,  
A thousand laws to terrorize!  
The robber ev'ry law defies—  
He wants your pocket-book.  
O, woman weak,  
O, woman meek,  
O, woman with unbounded cheek,  
If you be lovely or a freak,  
He wants your pocket-book!

PASTORELLA.

I love to see the golden sun go down,

CHORUS.

Into the lazy ocean in the western land.

PASTORELLA.

And when we prowling around this sleepy town,

CHORUS.

Our dearest love the golden ducats then command.

PASTORELLA.

The phosphorescent spark  
May catch the maiden's eye,  
But the dimness of the dark  
Is what we're swearing by.

GAMBO.

Pillage and booty,  
Is pleasure and duty.

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He wants your pocket-book.  
O, woman weak,  
O, woman meek,  
O, woman with unbounded cheek,  
If you be lovely or a freak,  
He wants your pocket-book.

PASTORELLA.

Hush, the watchmen are coming near;  
Hide him till they disappear.

PATROL.

We are called the props of the law,  
 Patrolling we think very much of a bore;  
 When danger is near we discreetly withdraw,  
 So back to our beds we will go.

PASTORELLA.

Take him up  
 Tenderly.

ALL.

Our home is on the mountain peak,  
 Where wild winds blow and eagles shriek;  
 The moon is due, so off we'll sneak,  
 Before it lights the earth.

## ACT II.

SCENE: "THE FOLD OF THE SHEPHERDESS."

NO. 8.

ROMANCE.

GUIDO.

The rose tints leave the sky,  
 The shadows multiply,  
 The moon peeps o'er the eastern hill  
 With blushes soft and shy;  
 Though sky tints pass away,  
 And fade to duldest grey,  
     My love will grow,  
     And brighter glow,  
 Until the dawn of Love's eternal day.  
 Oh, sweetheart, if your ancient wooer  
 Should win the day, I humbly crave,  
 You change the adage, 'twill be truer,  
 "No young man's darling, but an old man's slave."

The whip-poor-will's sad cry,  
 His mournful mate's reply,  
 Into my love-lorn heart instill  
 A hopeless prophecy;  
 Must I for evermore  
 A hapless life deplore?  
     Oh, darling mine,  
     Can you divine.  
 What days to come may have for us in store?  
 Oh, sweetheart, if your ancient wooer  
 Should win the day, I humbly crave,  
 You change the adage, 'twill be truer,  
 "No young man's darling, but an old man's slave."

No. 9.

SCENE AND SOLO.

LA PASTORELLA.

Here's a pack  
Of red and black,  
Spots and faces,  
Deuces, aces,  
Each suit with its jack.  
Cut and deal,  
Will soon reveal,  
If I'm to marry,  
Or yet tarry  
In lone woe or weal.  
"One loving heart,  
A counterpart  
Of man in all his pride,  
Lives but for you,  
He's ever true.  
And names you for his bride."  
Lie you there,  
Oh, woman fair.  
If you dare,  
His heart to share,  
Beware! Beware!  
Take care, take care,  
For he is everything to me.  
What's this I see? It cannot be!  
"We send a king as captive to you,  
And tho' he may refuse to woo you,  
No other heart can share your own,  
While he remains upon his throne.  
Be persistent and pursue him,  
Try to wed and try to woo him,  
Though his heart be heart of stone,"  
Oh, stars, though my heart you have broken,  
My duty and mission is spoken;  
The cards have revealed by this token,  
That I am the sport of fate.

No. 10.

TRIO.

BUSCATO.

He's here.

PAPAGALLO.

I'm here.

BUSCATO.

He's here.

PAPAGALLO.

I'm here.

## PASTORELLA.

O, vague unrest within my breast,  
 I stand 'twixt doubt and fear.  
 I beg to make an explanation,  
 Though my woman heart rebels,  
 In my mental observation,  
 I can find no parallels.  
 You're the man my stars selected,  
 As the one to marry me ;  
 While you're not what I expected,  
 Still my husband you must be,  
 Therefore:

Ring the bells in rhythmic measure,  
 We must wed within the day ;  
 I am listed as a treasure,  
 You as very common clay.

## BUSCATO.

Please to note how luck pursues you,  
 Though you missed a bride last night,  
 Cupid says he will not lose you,  
 Gives you her, the world's delight ;  
 She's no maid of awkward manner,  
 But a widow fair to see,  
 Plays the organ and piano  
 In a most outlandish key.

## PASTORELLA.

Therefore:  
 Ring the bells in rhythmic measure,  
 I must wed within the day ;  
 I am listed as a treasure,  
 He as very common clay.

## No. 11.

## DUET.

## GUIDO.

Love, light of my heart,  
 The day of our joy is near ;  
 Love, tho' we should part,  
 Your image will ever be dear.  
 Love, hope lives to-day,  
 With all of its wonderful sway,  
 For starlit night,  
 And sunshine bright,  
 Have entered our lives for aye.

## MINUTEZZA.

And will you faithful be ?

## GUIDO.

Ever, love.



19

MINUTEZZA.

As in the olden days ?

GUIDO.

As in the golden days.

MINUTEZZA.

Nor change your fealty ?

GUIDO.

Never, love.

MINUTEZZA

Until eternity—

GUIDO.

I'll faithful be.

MINUTEZZA.

Day by day,  
We will stray,  
Where violets dwell,  
'Mid asphodel,  
And ox-eyed daisies reign.  
And oh, so faint,  
So sweetly quaint,  
The sighing breeze,  
Among the trees,  
Will echo love's refrain.

No. 12.

ENSEMBLE.

TENORS AND BASSES.

We cannot see the reason why  
The Fates did not name us;  
Old Papagallo can't deny  
He'll prove an incubus.  
The stars, before they name the man,  
Should place him first on view,  
And then a woman, by this plan,  
Can see if he will do.

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.

The ecstasy, the pleasure, and the joyousness supreme,  
Seem sadly lacking on this gala day;  
The man the Fates have sent her is as skim milk unto cream,  
To the husband who was forced to pass away.  
Where there's so much fear and doubting,  
We can't see why we keep shouting,  
For a laryngitic trouble may ensue;  
He may rate as hale and hearty,  
But we do not like the party,  
So he'll never, no, he'll never, never do.

PAPAGALLO.

With deferential prudence so no anger I'll arouse,  
 I beg you tell me, that is, if you can,  
 While I have said I could not, would not be her future spouse,  
 Pray say, why do you make the office seek the man?

Any way I try to do it.

I can't tackle kindly to it,

It is nothing else but superstition that possesses you;

I'm no logical conclusion.

In this matrimonial fusion.

And I'll never, no, I'll never, never do.

LA PASTORELLA.

Bright Star of Love, shine on this most perplexing mating,  
 Send from your world to him who's ever hesitating,  
 Your stern command, that while the fact is not elating,  
 He must accept me for his lawful bride.

GAMBO.

Hold: Here is something we must heed;

Stop this affair and let me read:

Are you a murderer?

PAPAGALLO.

No.

GAMBO.

An assassin?

PAPAGALLO.

No.

GAMBO.

A gory thug?

PAPAGALLO.

No.

GAMBO.

Then you won't do.

"An act to purify our band,"

Which ev'ry one should understand;

A law to keep outside our ranks the weaklings of the nation;

"No man can wed a robber maid,

Unless, by either gun or blade,

He's killed a man, and there's a shows he's worth consideration."

ALL.

Get out!

PASTORELLA.

Or proceed to formulate a plan,

ALL.

Get out!

PASTORELLA.

Whereby you can fight and kill your man.

ALL.

He doesn't look the cavalier,  
Who'd risk his life for woman dear,  
But who would rather disappear,  
When danger happens by.

So pack up your Sunday clothes,  
Your doublet and silken hose,  
And go where the lily blows,  
Far in the golden West.

PAPAGALLO.

If I quite understand your law,  
I'm not the man you're looking for;  
The man you want should thirst for blood, and drink it down most  
I'm milder than the dear gazelle [gladly.  
That shyly seeks the dingle-dell,  
I'm tender as the little lamb that Mary loved so madly.

ALL.

Get out! &c.

No. 13.

SONG. THE SNOW BABY.

MINUTEZZA, WITH GUIDO AND PAPAGALLO.

The snow in the fields is lying deep,  
The wind from the North is blowing,  
The man in the moon is fast asleep,  
The brooklet has ceased its flowing,  
The Frost-King woos the bride of his choice,  
'Tis the Sprite from the cascade springing,  
And out of the snow drift comes the voice  
Of the Snow Baby's mother singing:  
Sweetly, oh, slumber, my darling child,  
The breath of the winter is near.  
As long as the North wind is icy and wild,  
You have nothing, by babe, to fear.  
Her anthracite eyes are filled with tears,  
The Snow Baby's mother is weeping,  
For far in the East a light appears,  
And over the hills it is creeping.  
She trembles with fear, then to her breast  
Her darling she lovingly presses,  
But mother and babe have sunk to rest,  
They are dead by the Sun God's caresses.  
Sweetly, oh, slumber, etc.

No. 14.

FINALE, 2nd.

GUIDO.

An awkward complication this,  
For one and all have sworn  
He shall not live in single bliss,  
Nor married life adorn.

PASTORELLA.

Ah, Papagallo you are in a scrape,  
Go hide your face from Nature's eyes,  
A calm and philosophic manner ape.  
And quote your "wherefores" and your "whys."

ALL

Since Eve with the serpent was smitten,  
And the sweet rosy apple was bitten,  
In letters of gold it was written,  
"Enough is as good as a feast."

PASTORELLA.

Hark. I hear the sound of drumming,

PAPAGALLO.

Good, my soldier boys are coming,

PASTORELLA, GAMBO AND BUSCATO.  
Trapped like rats, we cannot fly.

PAPAGALLO, MINUTEZZA AND GUIDO.  
To offer fight would mean to die.

BUSCATO.

Death's no disgrace.

GAMBO.

Their bullets face.

BIANCA.

Open in the name of the Queen!

ALL.

The Queen!

PAPAGALLO.

Had you not come I'd been a married man.

PASTORELLA.

Oh, shameless wretch, to stoop to such a plan.

MINUTEZZA.

Unchain the dogs of war,  
The enemy will find us unrelenting;  
When our cannons roar,  
King Papagallo then will be lamenting.  
March o'er hill and valley,  
Dashing,  
Crashing,



With a mighty rally,  
Like knights of yore,  
Unfold our country's flag,  
Let regimental bands begin their drumming,  
Though we will not brag,  
Inform the craven foe that we are coming!  
Sound the call for battle;  
Steady,  
Ready,  
Hear our bullets rattle  
'Gainst jutting crag.  
Tremble, Papagallo!  
Clear the track, we are on our way,  
Tremble, Papagallo!  
We will rout you with dismay.  
In serried ranks onward press to meet the foe,  
He'll quail before our battle cry,  
Our might he will very quickly know  
We'll never flee,  
But victors be  
Or else die.

PASTORELLA.

The bugle's brazen blare,  
Will fill the land with warlike demonstration,  
"Meet us if you dare,"  
Will be the daily challenge from each nation,  
On to death and glory,  
Slaying,  
Flaying,  
You will live in story  
As soldiers rare.  
Your nation looks to all,  
To immolate yourselves on duty's altar,  
Forward though you fall,  
Proud, patriotic hearts should never falter,  
Loving lips will bless you,  
Truly,  
Duly,  
Arms of love caress you.  
Hear beauty's call!  
Clear the track, they're on their way! &c.

## ACT III.

SCENE: A COURTYARD OF A PRISON.

No. 15.

ALL.

Our sentiments are these:—  
Do away with court and jail,  
Do away with bond and bail,  
Make the watchman close his eyes,  
Then earth will be a paradise.

GUIDO.

"And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away."

TRIO AND CHORUS.

BISCATO.

The iceman works because he loves to tell you in the spring,  
The ice crop is a failure and the great price it will bring;  
The iceman works because he loves to buy a diamond store,  
With money that you paid for ice that melted at your door.  
I would not be an iceman, neither with the iceman stand,  
Had I the slightest notion I could join the angel band.

Our motto—

Is "down with work!"

Oh, day, beauteous, sunny, azure-vaulted day,  
We know the time for rest is o'er us creeping;  
Oh, night, starlit, moonlit, sombre-colored night,  
There is no doubt that you were made for sleeping.

GAMBO.

The gripman works because he loves to see you chase his car,  
And just as you have reached the curb he leaves you where you are;  
The gripman works because he loves to jolt you off your feet,  
And if you dare expostulate, he dumps you in the street.  
I would not be a gripman, neither with the gripman stand,  
Had I the slightest notion I could join the angel band.

Our motto—

Is down with work! Etc.

PAPAGALLO.

The plumber works because he loves to read your little note,  
Which begs him to come up at once, the kitchen's all afloat;  
The plumber works because he loves to know when he gets through,  
He'll have a mortgage on your house and own your bank-book too.  
I would not be a plumber, neither with the plumber stand,  
Had I the slightest notion I could join the angel band.

Our motto

Is down with work! Etc.

No. 15. Bis.

CHORUS.

LA PASTORELLA AND GIRLS.

Cuckoo, Cuckoo, a little bird sings with glee:  
"When winds blow, North, East, South or West,  
Fail not to feather well your nest,"  
Cuckoo, Cuckoo, oh, little bird in the tree,  
Your pungent precept is the one for me.

No. 15. TER.

LA PASTORELLA, GAMBO, BUSCATO AND CHORUS.

Love, light of my heart,  
The day of our joy is near;  
Love, tho' should we part,  
Your image will ever be dear.  
Love, hope lives to-day,  
With all of its wonderful sway;  
For starlit night,  
And sunshine bright,  
Have come to our lives for aye.

No. 16.

SONG. THE GOAT.

PAPAGALLO, WITH PASTORELLA, GAMBO, BUSCATO AND CHORUS.

I know a goat, a little goat, who loves to cut a dash,  
He goes about from morn to night,  
And his particular delight,  
Is to get mixed up in a fight,  
And his opponent thrash.  
While going out to dine one day,  
He chanced to stop upon his way,  
And listened to a something play,  
They call a phonograph.

ALL.

B-r-r-r-r.

The phonograph struck up a tune that seemed to please the goat.  
He heard it fifty times at least,  
And when the phonograph had ceased—  
This unmelodic little beast,  
Could not recall a note.  
His eyes flashed fire, his anger rose,  
And then he raised upon his toes,  
And at the silent box he goes,  
With all his might and main.

ALL.

B-r-r-r-r.

He smashed the phonograph to bits and kicked it all to pot;  
The cylinders of wax he ate,  
And then without a moment's wait,

He swallowed, I am pained to state,  
 The nickels in the slot.  
 And from that time unto this day,  
 The chewed up records with him stay,  
 And in his bosom softly play,  
 The tune he couldn't catch.

ALL.

B-r-r-r-r-r.

### FINALE, 3rd.

#### PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

The God of Love presides,  
 So ring the wedding bells in joyful measure  
 For the grooms and brides,  
 And let us hope that each has found a treasure.  
 Love knows no disaster.

Woo him.

Sue him.

Cupid as our master,

Fore'er abides—

So call the parson in,

It's very pleasant when true hearts are mated,

But it is a sin,

To join a maid and man who start ill-fated.

Oh, the sweet to-morrow

Wooring,

Cooing,

For we'll banish sorrow

And let love win.

Oh, tremble Benedicts, Dan Cupid has a switch for you,

Oh, tremble maids who sneer at love that's constant, strong and [true,

Ready,

Steady,

March—

In serried ranks onward to the church we go.

Let every voice ring out with love,

And tell everybody whom you know

Great Love, the King

Is on the wing

From above!

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